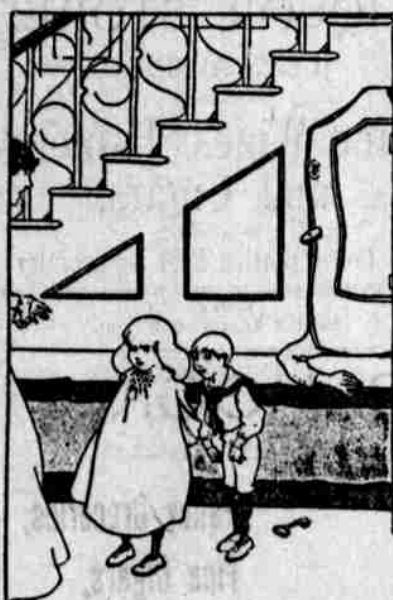


A Man of Parts.
Mr. Dukane—Young Mr. Homewood is about as smart a man as you'll find in a day's journey.
Mr. Gaswell—So?
"Yes, sir. He can give editors points on how to run newspapers."
"Pooh! Every man in the city can do that."
"But Homewood also knows how to run a hotel and a railroad, and besides, he can tie his own four-in-hand scarf."
—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A NEW GAME.



"Whatever is all this noise about?"
"Oh, mother, such fun; we've locked Daddy up in the cupboard, and when he gets a little angrier Reggie is going into the lion's den."—Idler.

Not a Quack.
Patient (about leaving eminent physician's office)—Well, doctor, I will get this prescription filled at once and—
Eminent Physician—Ahem! Ten dollars, please.
"Eh? Do you require pay in advance?"
"Certainly, sir. I'm not one of your 'no cure no pay' quacks."—N. Y. Weekly.

A Cruel Thrust.
"Who is the belle to-night?" asked she as they waited around the hall.
He looked around the room to see—
Now they never speak at all.
—N. Y. Journal.

How She Found Out.
"Mr. Scorsel," said Kitty, addressing the caller, whom she suspected, "how much money did you have when you went downtown this morning?"
"I think I had just \$28, little girl," replied Mr. Scorsel.
"And how much did you have when you got back home?"
"I had \$27."
"Then," rejoined Kitty, making a mental calculation, "this present of mine cost just a dollar!"—Chicago Tribune.

Why Baby Got the Prize.
"And so my darling got the prize at the baby show. I knew he would. It couldn't have been otherwise," said Mrs. Youngma to one of the old bachelor judges.
"Yes, madam; we all agreed that your baby was the least objectionable of the lot," replied the brute.—Titt-Bits.

His Preference.
First Transient—If you had got to go into business what line would you choose?
Second Ditto—I'd open an employment agency. It would be so nice to be getting other people to work without having any temptation to do any your self.—Boston Transcript.

An Ounce of Prevention.
Mrs. Nubbins—Why do you employ that darky to whitewash the hencoop?
You know he's the most notorious chicken thief in the neighborhood.
Mr. Nubbins (a practical man)—I want him to see how poor and lean my chickens are.—N. Y. Weekly.

Making an Average.
Freddie—Mamma, do you think Johnnie is as good as I am?
Mamma—Johnnie is better. He does everything I tell him to do.
Freddie (after a thoughtful pause)—But, mamma, I often do things that you don't tell me to do.—N. Y. Journal.

Suspicious Secretiveness.
The Young Wife—I am afraid George was intoxicated last night.
The Sympathizing Friend—He didn't go to bed with his shoes on, did he?
"No; but he took them off and tucked them under his pillow."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Cooking School Version.
The queen of hearts she made some tarts All on a summer's day;
The king of hearts he ate the tarts And quickly passed away.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Lost—A Point.
Historic are the instances of points missed in the retelling of a good story. Who has not heard of Charles Lamb's "badly tired" wheel twisted into "badly wearied" with a consequent loss of the point? And here is one what was overheard at one of the little French restaurants: One of the habitués of the place had just returned with a coat of tan that spoke even louder of a glorious vacation than any words. "I've been roaming around through the upper parts of the state," he said, and many quaint and curious things have I seen. One of them was an old inn, old as the hills, I guess. Its name, too, was particularly appropriate for a hotel, "Dew Drop Inn." His hearers commented on the aptness and later in the evening, when a stranger joined the party, one of the number tried to tell about this hotel and could not understand why the late comer did not see the aptness when he told that on the signboard were the words: "Please Walk In."—N. Y. Herald.

Spring Cleaning.
Spring cleaning need not necessarily be made the drudgery it is if properly done. Paints, floors, hard walls and windows may all be cleaned without rubbing, by wiping over with strong suds made of Ivory soap and hot, soft water, then rinsed and dried. A room thus cleaned will be fresh and sweet, with no unpleasant odor of strong soaps or cleaning fluids.
ELIZA R. PARKER.

Little Ethel—"I wonder why men like to talk about their old school days?" Little Johnny—"I s'pose after they get growed up they is always tryin' to find out where the teacher lives, so they can lick him."

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.
Lall's Family Pills are the best.

"While Miss Fitz was away, George took her parrot." "Anything happen?" "I don't know; she keeps the parrot down cellar now, and the engagement is off."—Life.
Milton Reizenstein, a graduate student of the Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore, has prepared a monograph as a thesis for a degree, which he expects to receive next June. He has chosen for his subject the history of the B. & O. R. R. from its inception on the night of February 12th, 1827, when 25 of the leading business men of Baltimore met at the home of Philip E. Thomas and devised means whereby the trade of Baltimore with the West could be restored. It was at this meeting that the company was organized which afterwards built the B. & O. R. R. Mr. Reizenstein's monograph takes up the history of the road from that night until tracks were laid to Wheeling, W. Va., in 1833. The 70th anniversary of the B. & O. R. R. Co. was February 12th, 1897.

Probably the first thing every man resolves when he gets up in the morning is that he will go to bed earlier the next night.—Atchison Globe.

"Star Tobacco."
As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use Star. It is not only the best, but the most lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

It is not difficult to make old people happy; show them some one 20 years older than themselves who is still in good health.—Atchison Globe.
Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free 82 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

"Were you an eye witness to this affair?" asked the prosecutor. "I don't know what you'd call a night witness, but I warn't more'n five rods away."

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

"They say people who live together get to look alike." "Is that so? Well, just in the interest of science, let's try it."—Chicago Record.

A cold—sore and stiff. All right again. St. Jacobs Oil did it—cured.

Mamma—"Where's papa?" Flora—"He's downstairs." Mamma—"What's he doing?" Flora—"His bicycle is out of breath, and he's giving it some more."

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

If a man could only get as much for his old family horse as his wife thinks the animal is worth!—Atchison Globe.

A cruel pain—sciatica. Its cure is sure. Use St. Jacobs Oil.

"Tommy, who was Joan of Arc?" asked the teacher. "Noah's wife," said Tommy, who is considered great at guessing.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

Opportunity makes short calls. When one is out it leaves a card and moves on.—N. Y. Weekly.

Limp and lame—lame back. St. Jacobs Oil cures it promptly, surely.

Men look for signs of spring out doors; women look for them in dry goods stores.—Atchison Globe.

When bilious or constive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

Your friends may not know much, but they know what they would do if they were in your place.—N. Y. Weekly.

Twil, gnawing pain—neuralgia. Prompt, soothin' cure—St. Jacobs Oil.

Rest assured that if your misdeeds find you out they will call again.—N. Y. Weekly.

264 BUS. CORN PER ACRE.
It's marvelous how we progress! You can make money at 10 cents a bushel when you get 264 bushels corn, 320 bushels oats, 173 bushels barley, 1,600 bushels potatoes per acre! Salzer's creations in farm seeds produce.
\$10.00 WORTH FOR 10 CENTS!
Just send this notice and 10 cents to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get 12 farm seed samples, worth \$10.00, to get a start. [K]

The baby said (and gave that yell which makes his father scowl), "I may not be a howling swell, But I'm a swelling howl."

Reforms Need More Than a Day
To bring them about, and are always more complete and lasting when they proceed with steady regularity to a consummation. Few of the observant among us can have failed to notice that permanently healthful changes in the human system are not wrought by abrupt and violent means, and that those are the most salutary medicines which are progressive. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the chief of these. Dyspepsia, a disease of obstinate character, is obliterated by it.

There are some women who are reminded that they are superior creatures every time a man takes off his hat to them.—Atchison Globe.

Doubled up and bent with pain—Lumbago. Use St. Jacobs Oil and straighten up.

He—"I love you better than my life." She—"Considering the life you lead, I cannot say that I am surprised."—Indianapolis Journal.

The ordinary schoolboy doesn't think, and is much healthier.—F. F. Montessor.

OUR ENEMY STOLE IN

An enemy stole into your house one day last week and touched you lightly in passing. You thought little of the matter at the time, for the enemy was only a vagrant current of air. But now you are beginning to learn what mischief the little intruder did, for your back is stiff and painful. Your head aches, and at times you feel dizzy.

What has happened? Simply this: the cold has settled on your kidneys. They are overcharged with blood and inflamed. Instead of passing the waste matter out of the body they are damming it up in the blood. Every minute, yes, every heart beat adds to the poison in you. Normal action of the kidneys will purify the blood. Nothing else will.

Safe Cure

is the friend in need. It will reduce the inflammation, so that the grip on the tissues of the blood-vessels is relaxed, and the uric acid is sent on its way out of the body.

Thus You Overcome Your Enemy

Large bottle, or new style, smaller one at your druggist.

The Electric Light of Mowerdom

The pine knot—the tallow candle—the oil lamp—gas—these are stages in the evolution of illumination, which today finds its highest exponent in the electric light.

Similar and no less striking has been the evolution of grain and grass cutting machinery. In 1831 the scythe and the cradle were superseded by the McCormick Reaper. The intervening years have seen many improvements, until now we have that model Harvester and Binder, the McCormick Right Hand Open Elevator, and that veritable electric light of mowerdom, the

McCormick

New 4. It is not only the handsomest mower ever built, but it is, in every sense of the word, the best—and if your experience has taught you anything, it is that there's nothing cheaper than the best.

McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, Chicago.

The Light-Running McCormick Open Elevator Harvester, The Light-Running McCormick New 4 Steel Mower, The Light-Running McCormick Vertical Corn Binder and The Light-Running McCormick Daisy Reaper for sale everywhere.

Baker's Chocolate

MADE BY
Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.,
Established in 1780, at Dorchester, Mass.

Has the well-known Yellow Label on the front of every package, and the trade-mark, "La Belle Chocolatiere," on the back.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

CURE CONSTIPATION

10¢ 25¢ 50¢

REGULATE THE LIVER

ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative. They never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 811-2.

To Pearline Users Only.

You have confidence in Pearline. You must have, or you wouldn't be using it. But what do you do with it, besides the ordinary washing and cleaning? There's a long list of things in which Pearline ought to be helping you. Why isn't it doing so? For every purpose for which you would use soap and water, Pearline is better. You ought to be ready enough to believe that, with what you must know of Pearline.

PEARLINE

PISO'S CURE FOR

COUGHS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

YUGATAN, KING OF GUMS.

A. N. K.—D 1680

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

A VOICE FROM CUBA.

"WELL, I WONDER WHAT I SHALL HAVE TO EXPECT NOW?"

Harsh.
Merchant—My experience is that young men with college educations do not make good salesmen. In fact, I prefer taking young men who have had no advantages and training them up to my business.
Customer—Of course. When the latter come to you they have no fixed ideas about weights and measures.—Philadelphia Press.

A Dangerous Task.
Mrs. Gosling—George, you once said you would risk your life for me.
Gosling—Well, dear?
Mrs. Gosling—There's a great, horrid mouse somewhere in the room. Would you set a trap for him?—N. Y. Truth.

Pertinent and Impertinent.
"Never run in debt, my son," said the old-fashioned father.
"Why in creation are you always telling me to keep my credit good if I'm to make no use of it?"—Detroit Free Press.

His Mistake.
Bloomfield—Spillins is fond of saying that he is a self-made man.
Bellefield—That's queer. Everybody knows that he is a tailor-made dude.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Opinions Differ.
Critic—That performance of yours last night was rare.
Manager—I can't agree with you. I think it was well done.—Detroit Free Press.

Cheap at the Price.
Neighbor's Pretty Daughter—How much is this a yard?
Draper's Son (desperate "spoons" on her)—Only one kiss.
Neighbor's Pretty Daughter—If it's so cheap I will take three yards, and grandma will pay you.—Dublin World.

A Bit of Lace.
"Tis but a light and fragile thing, This dainty little gift I bring; 'Twas not designed to stem your grief, Nor yet around your throat to cling. Its uses are not plain to me, I know not what its name may be; But, still, it is my firm belief, 'Twill be a queen's lace handkerchief!"—Chicago Record.

PHILOSOPHER GROGAN.